

BEYOND THE BEACHES

THE liberators have now passed beyond the beaches in their onward march into Europe. The "masterly" feat of military history, as Marshal Stalin calls it, has been accomplished. A vast number of men and an immense amount of equipment have been safely established on the shores of France. The hold of the liberating armies is not a precarious one—a footing has been secured from which operations will spread all across Western Europe.

The walls of Hitler's fortress have been breached. To batter down the whole fortress may be a long and costly undertaking; but we are inside, and in such force that the hope of final victory is certain.

Beyond the beaches lie the towns, those little citadels which for years have nourished the life and the learning of France. Many of them may, alas, become the centres of bloody battles and be turned for a time into towns of desolation. France is again paying the price of war. Her people are again caught in the net of contending armies. Across the fields and hedges and small towns of Northern France the tide of war sweeps on. But their deliverance will surely come and their complete restoration will speedily follow.

Welcoming the Liberators

Already the city of Bayeux is planning the rehabilitation of her life. She was the first city of France to welcome the liberators. The city which has known the age-old story of chivalry and arms welcomed the young soldiers of the new world as they came into her ancient streets. Already the dust of war is being cleared away from Bayeux. That was the accomplishment of only a few days of fighting beyond the beaches. Its speed and efficiency promise well for the rest of the great encounters across Europe.

BEYOND the Beaches means that the hope which has risen in the hearts of countless men and women in Europe will not be disappointed. The landing of the liberating troops is proof that the dreams of four years will come true. It means that the days of the heavy hand of Hitler are numbered and the march of his legions is bound to be back to the land from which they sallied forth as merciless conquerors and ruthless destroyers.

The section of France liberated from Hitler's grasp is a token of the determination of the liberating countries to carry through their purpose to the end. The landings on the beaches and the triumphs of organisation and skill which burst through Hitler's fortress are portents. The beaches are not the end. They are only the beginning.

The Challenge is Now On

The triumph of the beaches is also further evidence of the matchless courage of the ordinary soldier of the Free Nations. It proves that the men of the free world can face any odds to attain their goal. The beaches were supposed to be impregnable, so guarded that no human being could set foot on them; every yard of every beach was reported mined with all the latest devices to kill men invisibly. But those reports did not dismay the commanders or the soldiers of the free peoples. They were determined, whatever the cost, to get beyond the beaches on to the firm, hard soil of France and there challenge the tyrant. That challenge is now on!

This triumph means that the armies of Free Peoples are nearer to the soil of Germany. So far Germany has been free from the march of the free armies of the world. Germany has known the weight of the air forces of the United Nations, but perhaps nothing will wake the German people to the fact of defeat and its consequences more than the presence of the armies of liberation on their soil. Not until then will the rulers of Germany and the German people themselves be aware of the defeat which they have brought on themselves.

Beyond the Frontiers

The moment is nearer when the ordinary people of Germany will learn the truth. For years their ears have been stopped by the propaganda and news distortion of their leaders. Never has a nation been so deceived by lies and false reports as have the German people. To rescue them from this plight and to provide for the teaching of truth is one of the major undertakings which the triumph of the beaches has made more possible. The free armies of the world are advancing not only into a Europe which is occupied physically, but into a Europe which is occupied morally and politically. The black stain of Nazism is everywhere—in factory, office, and home. The life of Europe has been contaminated with a poison which will take years to eradicate. But the task begun on the beaches of Normandy must continue beyond the frontiers of Germany itself into the very heart of that country.

GERMANY will fight long and hard to keep the war from her own soil. She will struggle to delay the end and if possible achieve a peace of exhaustion and stalemate. The triumph of the beaches is for her an ominous sign. It is the beginning of the end. Yet she will marshal all her forces and all her wits to prevent the final disaster. It is at that moment that we must remember to be faithful to the men who have given their lives. They died that a complete end should be made of Nazism. There can be no compromise with Hitler.

A New World is Rising

Certain it is that as the end draws near Hitler will seek an easy and soft way out of his dilemmas. His character and methods have already indicated the possibility of subtle approaches under the guise of mercy and humanity. But this will avail him nought, so clearly has he revealed to mankind his entirely evil nature. Hitler can only be defeated in the way that he understands—the complete destruction of his power. Nothing less can teach the author of the world's deepest tragedy that justice and freedom must prevail.

BEYOND the Beaches then is both a symbol of past courage and preparation and a symbol of the triumph of the future. On those beaches of France the final doom of Hitler's dream has been sealed and a new day of freedom for the world begun. The conflict must be pursued relentlessly to the heart of Hitler's Germany. But the new day which the beaches promise has already begun. Bells of freedom again ring in France, and from the haunts of fear men again walk in freedom. These are days of revolution and triumph and from the beaches of Normandy a new world is rising.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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Fire Guard on Patrol

Every night a band of volunteer watchers, men from all walks of life, keep guard on St Paul's Cathedral. Here we see a fire-watcher patrolling the colonnade of the cathedral.

FOLK-DANCING REVIVAL

A REMARKABLE revival of interest in folk and country dancing has taken place in this country during the war, and at present some 20,000 enthusiasts are planning a huge revival of community spirit after the war.

The increase in country and American square dancing has made itself felt everywhere. Morris dancing has renewed its ancient joys and found converts in most unlikely places.

Members of the English Folk Dance and Song Society now in the Forces have joined with American troops in square dances all over the world—in such strange settings as a North African desert and in Iceland. Country dancing, too, forms an important and popular item in Service entertainments. Even hospitals have sought advice on the arrangement of folk-dancing classes and demonstrations.

Jimmy the Gosling

JIMMY the gosling looked like a dead thing when the farmer's wife brought him into the "best room," writes a country correspondent.

Overreaching in trying to snatch a tit-bit from his food-basin, he stumbled and fell and could not pick himself up again! There the farmer's wife found him with beak and neck lying at the bottom of the basin and legs useless! She wrapped Jimmy in a tiny blanket, all snug

and warm, and put him to bed in a small basket in front of the glowing fire.

No one thought Jimmy would recover! He seemed too far gone for that! Gradually, however, the warmth of the fire worked wonders. Jimmy began to look livelier, and within an hour a bigger basket had to be fetched!

At last, all alive again, Jimmy was ready to leave the hospital on the hearth! Another "hopeless case" was discharged!

THE NEXT PRESIDENT? Tom Sawyer and the Doodle-bug

Republicans Choose Their Man

IN America the Presidential Election, which will be held in November, is always preceded by party meetings called conventions to select candidates for the great office. At their Convention the Republicans chose Mr Thomas E. Dewey.

Mr Dewey is 42 years old and has won golden opinions among all Americans by his personal courage and efficiency in suppressing racketeers and gunmen. He was a lawyer in the service of the Federal Government until 1937, when he was appointed to New York State, then suffering grievously from these evil but powerful men. In 1942 Thomas Dewey was elected Governor of the State he had served so well.

American citizens do not welcome advice by foreigners in their domestic elections, but the British people cannot but look on with the deepest interest. We may, however, observe that Governor Dewey's nomination is far from expressing opposition to America's part in the war. Indeed, in its programme the Party dedicates itself to winning the war and to preventing future world conflicts. It pledges the Party to seek world security through organised international co-operation, though not by joining a World State. It favours responsible participation among sovereign nations to prevent military aggression and to seek permanent peace with organised justice in a free world. It believes that such an organisation should direct peace forces to prevent or repel military aggression. It also believes, however, that peace and security do not depend upon the sanction of force alone, but should prevail by virtue of reciprocal interests and spiritual values recognised in security agreements. We shall

seek, it says, in our relations with other nations, conditions calculated to promote worldwide economic stability, not only for the sake of the world, but also to the end that our own people may enjoy a high level of employment in an increasingly prosperous world.

Governor Dewey, on accepting nomination as Presidential candidate, declared: "I pledge a campaign dedicated to one end above all others, that this nation, under God, may continue in the years ahead a free nation of free men."

He also addressed this heartening message to the United Nations:

"To our allies let us send from this convention one message from our hearts: The American people are united with you to the limit of our resources and our manpower, devoted to the single task of victory and the establishment of a firm and lasting peace."

Next week a corresponding Democratic Convention will choose their Presidential candidate. We may assume that Mr Roosevelt will, for the fourth time, be asked and consent to stand. In all probability we shall find him endorsing a full employment policy. If so, we shall witness a general agreement among effective governors of Britain and America of a declaration in favour of a government acceptance of responsibility for the maintenance of employment.

A World Money Pool

INVITED by the US Government, delegates from 35 United Nations and 10 other nations have been discussing finance problems at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire.

Until now the fluctuations in the supply and demand of one country's goods by another have led to the rise and fall of the rates at which the money of the respective countries is exchanged. The gold standard, under which each nation's money has a fixed relative value in gold, has not proved satisfactory. This is because, in order to remain on a gold basis, countries may have to adopt economic measures, such as deflation, which are not justified by its own internal needs, simply because some other country is in financial trouble.

So chaotic can international finance become that mass unemployment will occur all over the world, and thousands go hungry though Nature is as bountiful as ever.

THE WORLD'S CHESS CHAMPION

CHESS-PLAYERS all over the world will be grieved at the death, by enemy action, of Mrs. Vera Stevenson, better known as Vera Menchik.

Though only 38, she had been famous as an international chess-player for 20 years, having gained the title of world-champion among women in 1926, and held it ever since. She was well able to meet and contest hard games with the foremost

men chess-masters, such as Lasker, Capablanca, Alekhine, and Sir George Thomas. Russian-born, she came to this country at the age of 16, and in 1937 married the secretary of the British Chess Federation, Mr R. H. S. Stevenson, who died last year.

Vera Menchik was a gentle, delightful personality, who will be mourned for her sweet nature as well as for her fame in the most fascinating of indoor games.

By his ruthless, indiscriminate attack on Southern England with his flying bombs Hitler has advertised to the world that he knows the war is lost for him. His action is that of the cornered wild beast which strikes out in desperation, blindly and recklessly.

Before the pilotless plane had become the flying bomb it was known as the Doodle-bug in everyday talk, a name first given to it, we believe, by pilots of the US Army Air Force. The name provided a little light relief to a rather grim subject and it was immediately adopted by the British public.

A young CN reader who was engrossed in Mark Twain's *Adventures of Tom Sawyer* while sheltering from Hitler's unwelcome missiles, shouted with glee when she came across the passage "Doodle-bug, doodle-bug, tell me what I want to know." She felt that she, at least, had been told something she wanted to know—where the name came from!

Tom Sawyer had tried out a boyish superstition that if a marble were hidden in a very secret place all the marbles he had ever lost would be found with it after the lapse of a fortnight. But Tom's faith received a rude shock, for when he went to claim his treasure there was but one lone marble!

"He puzzled over the matter some time, and finally decided that some witch had interfered and broken the charm. He thought he would satisfy himself on that point; so he searched around till he found a small sandy spot with a little funnel-shaped depression in it. He laid himself down and put his mouth close to this depression and called:

"Doodle-bug, doodle-bug, tell me what I want to know! Doodle-bug, doodle-bug, tell me what I want to know!"

"The sand began to work, and presently a small black bug appeared for a second and then darted under again in a fright."

"He didn't tell! So it was a witch that done it. I just knowed it," said Tom.

"The doodle-bug that 'dasn't tell" Tom was the ant-lion, the larva of an insect resembling the dragon-fly, which makes a pit in sandy soil. It lies in wait at the bottom of the pit, its body hidden in the sand, and woe betide any ant or other insect, unfortunate enough to fall into the pit! It is said that the ant-lion helps its victims to fall down the sides of the pit by stirring the loose sand so that the sides collapse. Once the victim is in the pit the ant-lion fixes its terrible jaws in it, and that is the end of the intruder.

Such is the doodle-bug in Nature's realm. Its namesake of Hitler's making is just as ruthless in its treatment of the innocent.

The Best of Causes

MR WILLIAM EICHHOLZ has bequeathed £100,000 to the Alfred Eichholz Memorial Clinic and Institute of Massage and Physiotherapy by the Blind; and £100,000 to King Edward's Hospital Fund for London, plus the residue of his estate after the payment of certain legacies to friends and servants.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

PRINCESSES ELIZABETH and Margaret now have their own heraldic coats-of-arms.

Mr Norman Davis, chairman of the American Red Cross, has died in Virginia at the age of 66. As Ambassador at Large he was well known in European diplomatic circles before the war.

The United States has broken diplomatic relations with Finland.

The National Book Recovery and Salvage Campaign has reached its target of 100 million books and magazines.

The Isle of Man Parliament has given another £250,000 towards the cost of war, and lent a further £250,000 free of interest.

The New Zealand Government have bought 50,000 acres of farmland for ex-Servicemen to settle on after the war.

Liberation News Reel

IN addition to forcing a 250-mile-long gap in the Nazi battle-front in White Russia, certain Russian units moved forward 150 miles within a week, leading to the fall of Minsk.

At a critical moment in the battle for Caen Bomber Command, answering an urgent call, smashed a very big enemy concentration at Villers Bocage.

British planes have been laying mines in the Danube, thereby drastically affecting the transport of supplies to Germany and from Germany to the Russian front.

Since the liberation of Rome its citizens' bread ration has been doubled.

Among the many types of invasion vessels are special landing-barges designed as floating kitchens to provide hot meals for the crews of the smaller craft.

ALLIED Expeditionary Air Force fliers made about 90,000 sorties during June.

Youth News Reel

FOR plunging fully clothed into the River Exe and rescuing a six-year-old boy from drowning, Patrol Leader Patrick Smart of the 19th Exeter Group has been awarded the Scout Gilt Cross.

When a street in Southern England was blitzed Scouts went to the help of residents, moving heavy furniture, sweeping up glass, soot, and plaster, removing glass and buckled lead from window frames, scrubbing floors, and doing the week-end shopping!

To raise the target, £50, for their *Salute the Soldier* week, the 1st Chesham Bois Scouts played their barrel organ for 22 hours during the week; they played 1760 tunes and raised £52 12s 6d—7d for each tune!

SETTLING DOWN

TO resettle in civilian life the millions of men and women in our fighting forces and others now engaged in war industry will be the first task of the peace.

It is therefore good to know that the Government have decided to set up 400 resettlement advice offices throughout the land. These offices will be under the control of the Ministry of Labour and National Service, and there will be an office in every town where there is an employment exchange. Men and women seeking advice or information on the numerous problems of resettlement will find there the help they need.

Front Line Land Girls have been issued with steel helmets for protection against shrapnel.

Sir Samuel Hoare, British Ambassador to Spain, has been made a viscount.

With Birmingham's record sum of £17,832,884, the *Salute the Soldier Campaign* has raised nearly £500,000,000.

Charing Cross Hospital is to be rebuilt on Northwick Park Golf Course, Middlesex.

The Niagara Falls (USA) branch of the Bundles for Britain organisation and the Niagara Falls (Canada) branch of the Daughters of St George have each endowed a cot for blind children at the National Institute's new nursery school at Northwood.

Yorkshire farmers will soon have the help of 5000 miners who have volunteered to help with the harvest.

Since America entered the war over 3500 ships have been launched from her yards.

THE RAF dropped 56,000 tons of bombs on enemy objectives during June.

In return for supplying the US Army with butter and fresh vegetables the citizens of Cherbourg hope to get "la Spam."

When General von Schlieben surrendered at Cherbourg he stated that the Allied artillery bombardment was the most destructive he had ever known.

A French woman has been saving for four years a cigar to give to Mr Churchill.

In the first two weeks of the Normandy fighting the Allied casualties totalled 40,549 killed, wounded, and missing.

Twelve mobile columns of ENSA are ready to follow and entertain the Forces in France.

Sixer R. Lindsay and Wolf Cub Jim Lindsay, of a Kilmarlock Wolf Cub Pack, handed to their Cubmaster 168 half-pennies which they had saved for the B P Memorial Fund.

Kidderminster Scouts and Guides have raised £827 for the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund.

During the first six months of the new Ministry of War Transport Course for Sea Cadets wishing to join the Merchant Navy there was a surprisingly heavy entry and 732 passed the final examination.

THE dates for the Boys Brigade Officers' School at Taunton are August 5-12 and not August 1-8, as stated last week.

The Oldest Editor

THE oldest editor in the world is to retire next month; he will be 88. He is Mr Harry Edwin Platt, who has edited the Braille Musical Magazine since its inception, more than 34 years ago, for the National Institute for the Blind. Among blind musicians he is held in grateful esteem for his pioneer work on Braille music notation.

While still in his teens and a student at the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind, Mr Platt was organist at St Saviour's Church, Hackley. Later he became head music master at his old school, and was for 30 years organist at Erdington Church.

The Children's Newspaper, July 15, 1944

A SECRET LEAKS OUT

WHILE drought in London was at its severest, a friend of the CN came upon a driver who was cheerfully cranking the engine of his railway motor-lorry and gave him a "Good-after-noon."

The man left his crank and, hurrying on to the pavement, said with a gloomy scowl, "Do you know what I've heard today, sir? I've heard as Manchester's had rain every day for a week, and my perishin' allotment's without a spot!" This he murmured in a hoarse whisper, looking round as if conscious of betraying a State secret.

"You feel, I suppose," laughed his listener, "that we ought to have equal distribution of rain as well as of riches."

"In a really democratic country there would be," was the answer as the man, returning to his cranking, started his engine and, mounting to his seat, drove blithely away.

"That's what it will be one day," he said confidentially as he vanished.

THE SEA MULE

AMONG the armoury of the American invasion forces there are some very ingenious weapons. Of these the latest is the Sea Mule, a craft which takes the place of a tug.

The Sea Mule carries a crew of five, and it is able to push or tow. It is now in great demand and supplies are being shipped across the Atlantic, each "mule" in five parts.

THE VALLEY UNDER A CLOUD

LEICESTER CITY CORPORATION are considering the building of a huge reservoir in the upper reaches of the River Manifold, from which they would carry the water by a long-aqueduct. Not without reason the proposals are alarming all lovers of this fair corner of the Midlands, who feel that Leicester's gain would be outbalanced by the spoiling of one of our chief National Park areas.

Among other things, they fear that the entailed diversion of waters would result in the disappearance of many farms and footpaths in this unspoiled valley, with a consequent loss of beauty.

The Manifold Valley is still under the cloud of a proposed cement works at Cauldon Low. Now comes this further threat; and we can only hope that some happy solution will be forthcoming which will augment Leicester's pure water supplies without detriment to this lovely and important National Park area.

Threshing Out the Mines

ONE of the secrets of our tank successes in North Africa, Italy, and now France, has at last been taken off the secret list. It is the flail tank, designed to clear the way for both armour and infantry through the enemy mine-fields.

The flail tank is not a new armoured type, but an ordinary tank, usually a Sherman, fitted with a steel cylinder projection on two long girders. Attached to the cylinder are iron chains, each several feet in length. As the tank moves forward the



Rough Going

In country too difficult for lorries and cars the horse is likely to be used for taking supplies to our men in the field. This stirring picture was taken during the training of an RASC horse transport company.

THE SULFA DRUGS

It is reported that remarkably good results are being obtained by the use of the sulfa drugs in America. Sulfadiazine is administered in small daily doses to thousands of troops in training; army doctors have obtained marked effects in tonsillitis and other throat infections.

In some cases reductions of as great as 90 per cent have been obtained; the cases of lobar pneumonia and common colds have been halved. These successes of sulfa drugs during experiments originally designed to prevent rheumatic fever among soldiers have been reported to the American Medical Association. The US naval doctors, it is said, have now adopted the treatment.

THE SECRET GIVER

MR A. BEAN, a retired rubber planter, has just passed on at Driffield in Yorkshire, aged 81.

His passing recalls the building of a hospital which was opened in 1931 when local people were left guessing for over a year as to the identity of the generous donor. It then became known that the benefactor of Mr Bean was responsible for this well-equipped institution. Since its opening 6000 patients have received treatment there. Blessed is he that doeth good by stealth.

A RECORD RUN

GUNNAR HAEG, the well-known Swedish runner, has set up a new world record for the two miles. He did this at Oestersund in Sweden's first big race of this season.

He covered the distance in 8 minutes, 46.4 seconds, thus beating the world's record of 8 minutes, 47.8 seconds which he set up in 1942.

THEIR VERY OWN FLAT

A LONDON borough, Bermondsey, is to adopt a domestic science scheme which has been tried out with enthusiasm in the North of England, as the CN has already related.

Bermondsey has always been a brave and progressive borough, as its work in tree-planting in the back streets, carried on consistently for nearly 30 years, is proving in the green delight of these summer days.

The Bermondsey Council of Social Service has rented a flat which is to become the very particular property of 40 local children, with only one grown-up allowed inside. The youngsters will look after their five rooms themselves, cleaning, cooking, playing, entertaining, doing just as they please. One trained social worker will be there in case of any problem too hard for the small brains to solve; but she will not interfere unless she is asked, or thinks it absolutely necessary.

These boys and girls come from crowded homes, where there is no space for them to work or play. In their very own flat they will have everything they need, and we are sure they will enjoy themselves and make a grand success of this job of learning to be good home-makers.

THE LIBERATORS

TWO stowaways were discovered in a tank landing craft which was about to leave a British port recently. They were Belgians who had hitch-hiked from London to try to take part in the liberation of Europe.

A NEW PLANT

A WEST RIDING of Yorkshire town has made a delightful garden where rock plants are flourishing this summer. Unhappily many have disappeared in recent weeks, and an official has been appointed to see that people do not dig up the plants.

One sunny afternoon not long ago the attendant became suspicious of an elderly gentleman who was moving from plant to plant and examining them with great care. He strolled up to him, and was taken aback when the visitor asked: "Tell me, my good man, does this belong to the Ranunculaceae or the Scrophulariaceae?"

The attendant grunted. "Nowt at soort," he snapped. "It belongs to local Corporation, and thee leave it alone!"

HE IS REMEMBERED

UNDER the will of Miss Isabel E. Jones, of Bournemouth, £1000 has been left to St Bartholomew's Hospital, London, to found a bed in memory of Sir Richard Whittington, and £250 to found a baby's cradle in memory of Dame Alice, his wife.

Sir Richard Whittington is more familiar to our readers, of course, as Dick Whittington, the mercer's apprentice of five centuries ago who married his master's daughter, Alice Fitzwarren, and became thrice Lord Mayor of London.

A Queer Privilege

THE news that Mr Henry Gage Spicer, head of the great paper firm, has left a first-tier box at the Albert Hall to his son, draws attention to a unique fact concerning this great concert-hall. For, whatever its main ownership, "bits and pieces" of it are freehold possessions of quite a number of independent owners.

This situation is due to the fact that a considerable part of the cost of the hall was defrayed by special contributors, each £100 given entitling the subscriber to ownership of a seat in the building, with the right to occupy it at practically any entertainment

ROAD SAFETY PLAN

THERE are few who do not fear that road accidents, serious as they are today, will increase after the war when the present restrictions on motor traffic are lifted.

To meet this peril the Pedestrians' Association, taking the view that the main cause of road accidents is the abuse of speed, urges that 30 miles per hour in built-up areas is too high a limit, and suggests a speed of 25 miles an hour as ample. It also suggests that motor-cars should carry some external device indicating when they are exceeding the speed limit.

Motoring offences, it is suggested, should be tried by stipendiary magistrates. The suspension of licences is held to be a very important deterrent to offenders, while the more frequent life suspension of the licences of drivers who have exhibited recklessness or drunkenness would remove the worst offenders from the roads.

THE HERRING FLEET

THE people of Britain's south-coast ports have a pleasant name for the great landing craft that return from Normandy filled with German prisoners. They call them the "herring fleet," for though they set out packed with allied soldiers they come home packed with Herrenvolk.

The pun is a bad one, perhaps. But we may forgive their school-boy humour, for we also are delighted to see the "herring fleet" bring in a big catch.

GOOD ADVICE

WHEN Sir Harry Lauder accepted the casket which contained the Freedom of Hamilton the other day, that well-loved Scottish minstrel recalled the advice given to him by his mother when he decided to earn his living on the concert platform. "Harry," she said, "never say anything or do anything that will make your mother's face blush."

None can deny that Sir Harry has followed this advice, and in the words of the Provost of Hamilton, "Sir Harry has done the same job as Sir Henry Irving; he has cleaned up the stage."

Sir Harry is indeed a worthy addition to the roll of Hamilton's freemen, which includes the names of David Livingstone and his fellow explorer Sir H. M. Stanley, Mr Gladstone, Andrew Carnegie, and many others whose names will, like Sir Harry's, long be remembered.

without paying for admission. No fewer than 1300 seats were subscribed for in this way. The hall originally cost £200,000, the remaining £70,000 coming from the profits of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Many of the seats are treasured family possessions, being passed on from one generation to another. The rights, too, may be sold, and all changes of ownership are registered at the hall.

When the main floor of the auditorium is covered up for a ball or a prize-fight the situation is awkward, and special arrangements have to be made about these independent stall-holders.



Through the Window

A shopkeeper in Bayeux had this view of some of our invasion troops as they looked into his window seeking presents to send home. The men had come from the front line to Bayeux for a bath.

HALCYON DAYS FOR OFFICE-BOYS

LONDON, but also other parts of the country, is now facing a shortage of office-boys, for the need is at least 20,000 more than the supply, and hardly one thousand are forthcoming.

Not even the handsome wage of £2 a week which certain offices are said to be offering to these youngsters just out of school is proving the solution of this problem.

Nor is the supply of office girls any more plentiful. They often earn even more than the boys, because they come in as junior typists, sometimes shorthand-typists. (It is difficult to understand why a girl of 14 can learn shorthand and typewriting quicker and better than a boy of the same age, but that is the general experience of employers.)

Before this war the normal wage of a London office-boy was

15s a week. Before the last war it was 6s, though in those days five shillings went a long way. After this war it will be—what? Certainly not £2 a week, possibly not £1.

Boys who go into factories can earn £3, £5, even £7 a week nowadays, getting a man's pay and feeling that they are doing a man's job. There will be no such conditions when the war is over, even under the best circumstances.

Though there are doubtless a few young workers who merit their bulky wage-packets and buy War Savings Certificates, for many the change back will not be a bad thing, because the present abnormal situation is spoiling many a good lad at his most impressionable age. Money too easily earned is seldom valued, even by grown-ups.

Summer Coats and Winter Coats

THE turn of the summer has come and gone, and when autumn and winter approach some birds and beasts will begin to doff their summer clothing which they first put on in spring.

Not much of this change is to be seen in our temperate climate, but in the Far North the ermine and the weasel and the willow ptarmigan shed their white hairs or feathers in spring and grow brown or greyish ones. This change is not brought about by alteration in temperature as was supposed. It begins before the rise in temperature begins, and

depends, as now has been shown, on increase in the length of daylight and on nothing else.

If brownish animals are kept in captivity in a constant temperature during summer and are exposed to diminishing light they begin to turn white; but if the light is turned on again they turn brown with it. Some white willow ptarmigan kept out in the snow, but given artificial daylight, turned brown and got their spring plumage before other birds; and the process can be reversed. Weasels can be put through two changes in a year.

MEDICINE FROM THE TREE

NECESSITY has turned the medicine men to the old remedies, and among them is one known to all.

Balsam is its name, and it comes to us from Salvador, where there are many thousands of trees on the balsam coast. Half a million pounds of balsam are sent out yearly through the port of Callao in Peru, whence it got its second name, Balsam of Peru. It is obtained by removing the patches of bark from the trees, and scorching the exposed places till pitch flows out and is sopped up by cotton cloths.

Even the cloths wrung out in presses are themselves powerful antiseptics for wounds.

In Central America in the days of the old Medicine Men more than 300 remedies were obtained from herbs, 100 of them for the stomach, 88 for the treatment of wounds, 113 for fevers, and 44 as sedatives. Honduras and Mexico give our American kinsmen sarsaparilla. Central America is not the only place where our medicines are found. From the tragacanth tree of Iran, for instance, comes the herb in cough drops.

Caterpillar Track

THE pictures of the tanks, bulldozers, and other monster vehicles darting to and fro over the sand of the Norman beaches have brought home to us more vividly than ever the revolution which the caterpillar track has made in modern warfare. Loose sand, ploughed earth, hedges and ditches, and even buildings, fail to turn the course or check the speed of these ubiquitous carriers of men, guns, munitions, and machinery. And it is all the result of the brain-wave of a humble American.

This wonderful wheel which carries its own tread was invented some seventy years ago by a Kansas farmer named Henry T. Stith. As it happened, Stith designed his first tread three years before the first motor-car was built, but it was not until the perfection of the internal combustion engine that his invention was recognised as of real service to mankind. Here was a means of making the rough places of the earth smooth.

The first time the caterpillar tread was used in warfare was when the first British tanks rolled across to the German trenches in 1916. Heavy and cumbersome were these pioneer tanks, and few indeed were the soldiers who realised their possibilities.

The caterpillar tank is today a very different vehicle, far lighter for its bulk than those which surprised the Germans in the last war. Today the pressure on the earth from a 30-ton tank is less than 13 pounds per square inch. Tanks, therefore, can go forward in earth and mire where ordinary wheels would slip and stick. Like cavalry of old, they can go almost anywhere; but at amazing speed.

THE FARMER NEEDS THE BULLDOZER

AMERICAN bulldozers have put ideas into many Cornish farmers' heads. They think the bulldozer, or something after the same principle, which sweeps everything before it, is just what they have been looking for.

Scores of West Country farmsteads and smallholdings are made up of tiny fields, averaging two or three acres each. Nowadays, when every available acre is being used to stock our larders, the farmer has more awkward corners to negotiate with tractor, plough, reaper, or other machine than he would if some of the division hedges were demolished. Besides, the division hedges which have to be maintained year by year if the holding is to look respectable are often as wide as three feet, and the soil they occupy could well be utilised for growing the nation's food or pasturage for cattle. And on those farms overrun with furry folk, farmers would be glad to see the last of many division hedges which are honeycombed with warrens!

Several unwanted hedges have been removed by Italian prisoners of war, but in this labour-saving, machine-minded age the tiller of small fields will welcome the bulldozer or its counterpart as he did the tractor!

The EDITOR'S TABLE

A Notion Out of Date

FOR the first time since the days of the Revolutionary War, 170 years ago, a newly-formed British regiment is training on American soil.

Commenting on the interesting fact that the soldiers of this regiment are partly white and partly Negro, A New York paper, P.M., remarks that the British are not only older students of democracy than the Americans, but that also, "in spite of their Colonel Blimp caste system and old school ties, they are often more adept."

This is not the first time we have noticed that the American view of our class system is very much out of date.

And is it surprising that we are "adept" pupils of democracy, when the Union Jack, revered emblem of Freedom, waves over more races than any other flag?

Know Your Neighbour

THE invasion of France had an immediate effect on language schools in London and the provinces. Large numbers of men and women have been going to these schools either for "brush-up" courses, or for courses in European languages. In fact, it is said that more people are busy mastering foreign tongues now than at any other time; and refugees living in this country are reaping a rich harvest for their services as teachers of languages.

We should like to see the interest continue, for, failing an international language, a good knowledge of each other's tongues is the surest way for the nations to get on well together in the Flying Age of Peace that is to come.

JUST AN IDEA

There is one kind of vessel that will weather any storm—a true comrade-ship.

CARRY ON

JOHN MILTON ON TYRANTS

NONE can love freedom heartily but good men; the rest love not freedom, but license, which never hath more scope or more indulgence than under tyrants. Hence it is that tyrants are not oft offended by, nor much in doubt of, bad men, as being all naturally servile; but in whom virtue and true worth most is eminent them they fear in earnest, as by right their masters; against them lies all their hatred and corruption.

Learn From the Stars

TEACH me your mood, O patient stars! Who climb each night the ancient sky, Leaving on space no shade, no scars, No trace of age, no fear to die.

Emerson

THE HAPPY

THE head of a large group of aircraft and vehicle-producing factories has been writing with strong approval of the effect of a reduction of working hours upon output. Not merely, he declares, were good results achieved by the reduction of hours from a 60-65 maximum to 57, but a further reduction to 53 hours had no ill effects on output, and in certain cases actually led to a slight increase.

Too much attention, he adds, cannot possibly be paid to the "factory atmosphere," which must be based on the human element, and on orderly,

THE MOTHER

WE gather from a letter recently written to The Times by Miss Eleanor Rathbone, M.P., that in their forthcoming White Paper the Government may propose to make the Children's Allowances to the father and not to the mother.

Miss Rathbone reaffirms the many good reasons why the money should go direct to the mother, stressing the point that this method makes both parents realise that the allowance is meant as something for the child,

Under the E

A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE man has been making blotting paper all his life. An absorbing occupation.

SOME people pick holes in their friends. Others bore them.

THE first of good table manners is punctuality. A time-table manner.

SOME people find it difficult to express their thoughts. They should send a wire.

PETER WANI KN



If a General open a marked

The-Ha

O God! methinks it were a happy life To be no better than a homely swain; To sit upon a hill, as I do now, To carve out dials quaintly, point by point, Thereby to see the minutes, how they run; How many make the hour full complete; How many hours bring about the day; How many days will finish up the year; How many years a mortal man may live.

When this is known, then to divide the times: So many hours must I tend my flock; So many hours must I take my rest; So many hours must I contemplate;

FACTORY

clean, and well-lit conditions. Started before the war, factory welfare schemes including first-class canteens, hot meals at reasonable prices, trolley rounds, carefully-chosen welfare and safety officers, first-class surgeries, and medical services, and entertainment and social activities generally, have improved the quality and quantity of work done.

It is our belief that this type of factory organisation, which has become so widespread during the war, has come to stay and will help the essential drive for exports in the post-war world.

ER'S RIGHT

not to relieve the father's pocket.

She points out that payments to the mother are the law in Australia and New Zealand, and that some three years ago 215 MPs signed a notice of motion for such a safeguard.

Though realising that it is the exception for the father not to have the true interest of his child at heart, we agree with Miss Rathbone that public opinion should lose no time in asserting itself on a matter so vital to the rising generation.

The March of Science

SCIENTIFIC ideas are gaining favour in the House of Commons. The House has now a Parliamentary and Scientific Committee, which has drawn up a plan for a £10,000,000 National Research Fund, to be devoted to developing scientific industries in Britain. If this bold scheme is finally adopted it will be put forward to the Government to be embodied in legislation.

Our production for war purposes has shown the immense benefit of a close working arrangement between Science and Industry, an advantage which should be continued into the Peace. In fact the Committee has under consideration a Bill which would enable large-scale schemes of scientific research to be developed within an industry if 70 per cent of the firms in the industry are agreeable.

With Science and Industry marching hand in hand we should be in a strong position to win a worthy share of the great peace markets which must follow the war.

Slovenly English

PROFESSOR B. IFOR EVANS, the educational director of the British Council, speaking on the English language to the International Federation of University Women the other day, said that though the English language was the greatest of our national assets it was one to which we paid little attention.

All over the world, he said, people are anxious to learn English, and the British Council is helping to teach them, but there was not a single department in a British university which explored this question of the teaching of English to foreigners.

English is a language of real beauty, and it should be regarded by us all as our patriotic duty to preserve its richness and purity whenever and wherever we speak the simplest of its phrases.

A CLEAR GAIN TO THE MIND

If goodness were only a theory it were a pity it should be lost to the world.

There are a number of things the idea of which is a clear gain to the mind. Let people, for instance, rail at friendship, genius, freedom, as long as they will—the very names of these despised qualities are better than anything else that could be substituted for them, and embalm even the most envenomed satire against them.

William Hazlitt

The Moving Finger

THE Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.

Omar Khayyam

The Arts in Wartime

ON many occasions in these pages have we recorded the work of CEMA, which for over four years has served—and will, we hope, continue to serve—the people of this country in the wide and widening field of the Arts. CEMA stands for the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts, and this organisation has recently published its review of work done in 1942 and 1943, under the title *The Arts in Wartime*.

Formed in January 1940 by the Pilgrim Trust and Lord De La Warr, who was then President of the Board of Education, CEMA has solved with great success an important wartime problem. In 1942 and 1943 it gave 8000 concerts, with audiences estimated at well over 1,000,000, while nearly a dozen theatre companies have taken 18 plays and many ballets to the war-workers' hostels. Varied have been the buildings in which CEMA shows have been held, from village inns to cathedrals, and from air raid shelters to public libraries. Equally varied, indeed, have been the performers, from the child dancer to the world-renowned actor, in these varied types of building.

In the graphic arts CEMA has undoubtedly enabled many a village boy or girl, to say nothing of his grandparents, to stand in front of a small masterpiece for the first time in their lives, and receive at first hand something of its creator's message. At least 60 exhibitions have been sent round this country by CEMA.

The Council, the report says, adjust their help to their associates, among which are counted the London Philharmonic, the London Symphony, and the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestras, and theatre companies like the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells, according to their needs, and their policy is to provide State support without State control. One of their prime purposes is to spread the appreciation of the arts over the length and breadth of our land and to foster high standards in the provinces.

RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI

RUDYARD KIPLING told us all about Rikki-Tikki-Tavi the mongoose, and how a grown mongoose's business in life was to fight and eat snakes.

That, however, is in India, but there are other, banded, mongooses in Africa; and as they do not find many snakes they devour anything else they can find if it is small enough. The tale of two which were brought from Tanganyika and for a time were in the London Zoo, has lately been told.

They were about a foot long, and soon became pets. The ship's crew fed them on raw meat, and milk in which they lay down, not knowing what to do with this strange liquid. But their delight was eggs, which they would take up in their paws and hurl against a wall or any convenient place.

The mongoose is much to be recommended as a pet, as a substitute for the household cat. But, we fear, few homes will have milk and eggs to spare for Rikki's little games!

GREATHEART OF THE SKIES

THE 90th VC of the war has been awarded posthumously to Pilot-Officer Cyril Barton. Behind that simple, poignant statement is a story of unsurpassed courage, and of devotion to duty in the face of almost impossible odds.

Cyril Barton, whose home was at New Malden in Surrey, was a quiet, unassuming young man of 22—once a Boy Scout, and more recently a Sunday School teacher. Deeply religious, he had written in his last letter to his mother: "I am quite prepared to die, believing as I do in the love of our Lord Jesus Christ. Death holds no terrors for me." And when his time came, he laid down his youth on the altar of duty, smiling and unafraid.

Pilot-Officer Barton was captain and pilot of a Halifax ordered to attack Nuremberg on the night of March 30. It was his 19th operational flight. Attacked by German planes while still many miles short of its target, the bomber's guns and intercommunications were put out of action, and one of its four engines was damaged; and in the resulting confusion a mistaken signal caused the navigator, air bomber, and wireless operator to take to their parachutes.

With his plane severely dam-

aged, his navigation crew gone, and the rest of his crew out of touch with him, the skipper faced a terrible situation. But he determined to carry on, and, reaching his target, himself released the bombs.

While turning for home the propeller of the damaged engine flew off and two of the petrol tanks began to leak. Though without navigational help, Barton skilfully kept on his homeward course and at last crossed the English shores only 90 miles from his base. But the petrol was nearly finished, the port engines stopping before a landing-place was sighted, and the plane was already too low to be successfully abandoned. Barton ordered the remaining members of his crew to take up their crash stations, and with only one engine running, tried to clear some houses. Finally the plane crashed, and although his three comrades survived Barton was killed.

That is the story of Cyril Barton—the smiling hero whose courage matched the hour.

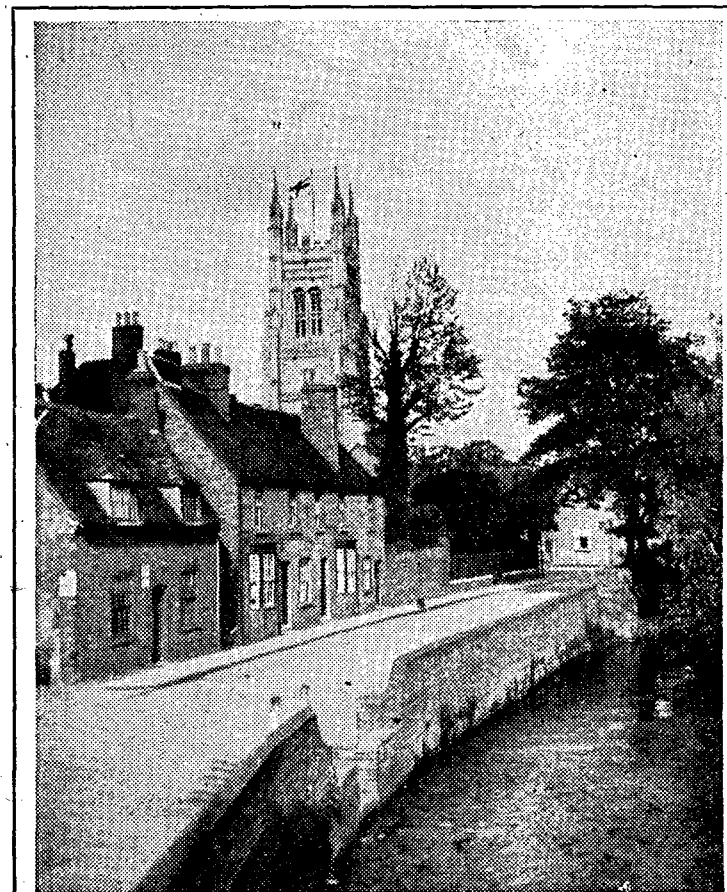
A Tale of a Tail

MANY million years ago 23 Brontosaurus were following one another like cows in a line along a shallow marshy strip in what is now West Verde Creek in Texas.

In the years since the creek has dried up, but the footprints of the Brontosaurus, as big as tea-trays, have remained, to be identified by Dr E. H. Sellars, of Texas University. Brontosaurus, sometimes known as the Thunder Lizard, was a huge, harmless, herbivorous creature 70 feet

long, much of it tail, and weighing as much as five elephants.

The tail of the Brontosaurus is so long that if one of its companions had trodden on its tip the sensation would have taken two seconds to reach the Brontosaurus's brain (a very small one) and make him aware of it; but the marvel is that as he trailed the tail behind him it left a groove in the sediment that now has hardened to a rock to tell the tale. It is nearly two feet across.



THIS ENGLAND A peep at St Neots in Huntingdonshire with its splendid parish church tower

ditor's Table

PUCK S TO DW AN acrobat says he always manages to get a living. Knows how to make both ends meet.

GAY colours are becoming. Becoming gayer?

THE Metropolitan Water Board says London's water is short. That is their main concern.

al should A PONY rings a bell for its dinner. We should think it would prefer something to eat.

opy Life

So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will can;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep, [canopy
Than doth a rich embroidered To kings that fear their subjects' treachery? [it doth.
O, yes, it doth; a thousandfold
Shakespeare's *Henry the Sixth*

PLANNING THE NEW BRITAIN

THE Government have introduced a Town and Country Planning Bill designed to speed up the building of our new Britain, and have also published a White Paper entitled Control of Land Use, explaining how they propose to acquire land needed for developing of Blitzed and Blighted areas.

By "blitzed" is meant a town area devastated by the war, and by "blighted" is meant—most appropriately—a town area which has fallen into decay and become obsolete through lack of proper development.

The Bill provides for the re-planning and redevelopment of town areas which are suffering either from war damage or from bad layout and poor development. Under it local authorities will have to determine damaged areas and settle development plans for them. Local public inquiries will take place, and when their applications are approved these authorities will be empowered to buy the necessary land. State funds will then be granted toward the purchase and clearance of the land.

In the case of "blighted" areas, the local planners will not have to determine immediately the whole area to be developed. They will be able from time to time to apply for a compulsory purchase order to buy the portion they are ready to develop.

The price to be paid for the land will for five years be based on the land value standards of March 31, 1939.

No doubt there will be considerable controversy about the Government's views concerning compensation and betterment,

compensation being the money paid from public funds to a private owner who gives up rights, betterment being the added value acquired by land from the activities of its owner's fellow citizens. Here are the Government's four chief proposals in the White Paper:

1 Landowners must obtain the consent of local planning authority to change the use of their land.

2 A betterment charge to be imposed, amounting to 80 per cent of the increased value due to such consent.

3 Fair compensation to be paid for the loss of development value.

4 The payments in compensation and the receipts from betterment to be dealt with on a national basis by a special Land Commission responsible to Parliament.

When, in the interests of good planning, a public authority requires land but the owner is unwilling to make that land available, that authority may seek legal powers to enforce its proposals.

As in other recent cases, the White Paper is published now to enable public opinion freely to express its views on this important subject before a Bill is definitely drafted by the Government.

Lawyers in Captivity

CERTAIN lawyers after the war will have many an interesting tale to tell of the Camp Law Society which was formed in Italy by British prisoners of war.

It was at Camp P G 21 that the society was formed, and when Italy collapsed and the camp was broken up most of the prisoners were transferred to Germany. Now they are at Oflag VIII F, and the lawyers among them have reformed their professional circle.

It consists, so a friend of the C.N. tells us, of 68 members. There are 22 solicitors from England and Wales, 1 from New Zealand, 7 from South Africa, with 21 articled clerks and 14 other students, and also 3 barristers. They have regular lectures on law, private coaching, and what lawyers call "moots," which are gatherings for debate on interesting and intricate points of law.

Arrangements are made for students to prepare themselves for those two very difficult law examinations, the Solicitors' Intermediate and Final, neither of which has proved too hard to prevent many prisoners from passing them already, through the good offices of the Red Cross and St John and our own Law Society.

Doctors in the camp joined up not long ago in a most instructive debate on insanity and drunkenness, subjects upon which the two professions have much to say, both in agreement and in disagreement.

MALHAM TARN

CONSIDERABLE interest is centred round the sale of Malham Tarn estate by public auction. Comprising some 807 acres of freehold land and an additional 9786 acres of moorland sporting rights, this estate, embraces Malham Tarn itself, the second largest lake in Yorkshire.

A popular district with ramblers and cyclists, it has many literary and historical associations. Charles Kingsley was a frequent visitor, and he described the Tarn as "the best fishing in the world earth." Kingsley did more than fish at Malham, as, while a guest of Mr Walter Morrison, millionaire and public benefactor, he made it the setting for the opening scenes of his well-beloved book The Water Babies, written in 1863 during a great outcry against child labour.

It is recorded that the monks of Fountains Abbey were granted ownership of the Tarn in about 1150, but this was confiscated on the dissolution of the monasteries, and the estate eventually came into the possession of the Ribblesdale family, and then of the Morrisons. When the estate passes into new ownership, it is hoped that full access to the moorlands adjoining the Tarn will not be affected, and that magnetic Malham will still attract hosts of ramblers, cyclists, and country-lovers, as it has done in the past.

Look & Listen Before You Cross the Road



The Misses Bo-Peep

Two charming little figures who took part in an Old-English Fair during Salute the Soldier Week at Hawkshead in Lancashire.

WHERE THE USA LEADS

AN interesting disclosure which has hurt the feelings of some British dairy-farmers lately is that the United States Forces in this country are not, as a rule, drinking our nice fresh milk. Instead, they use either dried or tinned milk sent from America.

The U.S. authorities are quite frank about the reason for this. Our milk, they say, is not up to American standards in quality. Before milk is supplied to the American Forces it has to pass a strict medical test, and it must be pasteurised. Of course, we also pasteurise our milk, 78 per cent throughout the country, and up to 90 per cent in the towns. But the American "target" is 100 per cent, and they have many more tuberculin tested herds than we have.

Possibly there is not so very much wrong with our milk supply, and the Ministry of Agriculture is taking steps to super-

vise milk production. It must, however, be admitted that the way we handle food does not appeal to Americans, who would never think of delivering loaves of bread, for instance, without a wrapping of special paper. As for meat, every American butcher's shop covers up its joints in gauze linen, even when they lie on the shelf ready to be served. The pest of flies is far greater in the States than it is with us. But even if there were no flies in America, meat in the States would still be wrapped up just as carefully. The gauze is completely transparent, so that the American housewife sees what she is buying; but it is a complete protection against insects, dust, dirt, and handling, and the sight of our unwrapped meat gives Americans a shock.

We would add that the C.N. has long advocated American methods of keeping food clean.

Black Redstarts in the Temple Gardens

MR JOHN FLOWERS, a lover and close observer of birds, tells us that there is no doubt that that rare and beautiful creature, the black redstart, has this year again returned to the bombed area of the Temple. He obtained a good view of one of them perched on the ruins of the Inner Temple Hall, and subsequently in its flight. There is no doubt that the birds are nesting in the vicinity, and are therefore neighbours of the C.N.

The black redstart is much rarer than the better known common, but also beautiful, redstart, and it is more restricted in distribution. In the south it is found from Portugal through Algeria to Palestine, but it also appears to extend east of the Dniester and Vistula. It has occasionally been found in the north of England, Scotland, Ireland, the Faeroes, and even as far as Iceland, and is an autumn and winter visitor to our southern coast, being found in Devon and Cornwall; but its nest is not often found in this country.

This species is a handsome creature, but its colouring is

subdued, a great part of it being black in place of the chestnut red of the common redstart. The hen is of softer colouring, but is not so handsome as her mate. The song is low and monotonous, something like that of the robin, but less varied. There is something particularly pleasing in a black redstart being found nesting among the sad ruins of the Temple.

The Growth of Crops

THE publication by the Ministry of Agriculture of the 1944 crop estimates for England and Wales reveals some very gratifying figures.

The area under tillage this year is 11,610,000 acres; in 1938 it was only 6,972,000 acres. For wheat alone the comparative figures are 3,000,000 and 1,830,000. In potatoes the acreage this year is 950,000; in 1938 it was only half this figure. Sugar beet this year occupies 428,000 acres, compared with 328,000 in 1938.

We are sure that the heavy fall in tillage which took place in this country after the First World War will not be permitted when the present war ends.

BEDTIME CORNER

REMEMBER!

YOU children with the pretty eyes
Like the blue of summer skies;
Remember, if you cry and pout,
That all the colour will wash out.

Children with sweet eyes of brown,
If you often cry and frown,
Your eyebrows very soon will close,
And drop right down upon your nose.

The Man and the Forest

A CARPENTER who had the blade of an axe went to a forest and asked the trees to let him have as much wood as would make a handle for his axe. The request seemed so

small that the trees decided to grant it.

But as soon as the man had his axe-blade fixed firmly on the handle he began to cut down the trees one after another, and went on cutting till at last he destroyed them all.

Great evils have small beginnings.

PRAYER

MERCIFUL Father, before I lay me down to sleep,
forgive me all that I may have done unkindly this day. Grant me quiet rest, O Lord, and when I wake to morning light make me so to order my life by Thy example that I may lose no more opportunities of doing what is right and good.

Amen

TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S NONE



THE CHEMIST'S NEW WONDER BOX

A NEAT wooden box fitted along three sides with rows of tiny bottles, the central part containing tiny test-tubes which are no thicker than a piece of twine, and might have been made for a doll's laboratory—such is the wonder cabinet of the modern chemist who has adopted the new science of micro-chemistry.

This new and rapidly growing branch of chemistry makes it possible to detect extraordinarily small quantities of different materials by means of chemical reactions which must be watched under the microscope. Drops can be of many sizes, and by means of the little glass tubes extremely small drops of a solution of the substance to be identified may be mixed on a microscope slide with a drop of one of the new extremely delicate chemical reagents. On being mixed the two give in many cases a vivid colour, and throw out crystals of certain patterns which can be watched under the microscope.

In other cases a little strip of very pure paper is wetted with one of the detecting solutions and dried. When a drop of the unknown substance is placed on it a coloured stain may be seen, or the formation of the stain may be examined, under the

microscope. All kinds of diminutive apparatus have been made for these chemical experiments on the microscopic scale, but this invaluable work has largely become possible through the discovery of new, though highly complicated, organic chemicals which give coloured reactions with other substances when used in almost infinitesimally small quantities.

One part of silver, for example, can be detected in five million parts of other material. Many of the vitamins, elusive enough already in their invisibility, can be identified, and very often in these microscopical quantities the scientist can find out not only the nature of the substance but how much of it is there!

Micro-analysis, the means of detecting the infinitely little, is a very modern science, and is carried out in the tiniest laboratories with fairy-like apparatus.

A Shop Account

GREAT interest has been taken in the Board of Trade Journal's account of retail shops selling rationed clothing and textiles. Of the total, 87 per cent are independent, 10 per cent are multiple shops, and 3 per cent Co-operative Stores. The last figure may seem surprisingly small, but it

should be remembered that a single co-operative store often represents a considerable area.

Information on this subject became available when traders were required by the Consumers Rationing Order to open coupon banking accounts. It then became possible to compile figures showing the number of retail shops and to analyse them by size and type; and later to classify them according to the total value of their turnover. It was shown, for example, that there was a tendency for bigger shops to be established in the South than in the North.

Only nine per cent of the shops have annual turnovers exceeding £12,000, but these account for two-thirds of the total sales. About 48 per cent, rising to 60 per cent for women's and children's clothing, are small shops with annual sales of under £2500.

A British Guide to Congress

THE Empire Parliamentary Association has published A Summary of United States Congressional Proceedings.

This is the first number of a periodical survey of the foreign and international policy debates in the US Congress, and covers the period between September 1943 and January 1944. Among other topics dealt with are the debates on the Establishment and Maintenance of World Peace.

This new venture should do much to give to the British people that knowledge of the American point of view which will cement the bond of sympathy and friendship between the two peoples. Without knowledge there can be no understanding.

The Last Line of Defence

THE story can now be told of how a new fighter plane was designed, built, and tested in the record time of nine weeks two days during our darkest hour.

During the Battle of Britain there was a very real danger that the R A F might find itself with but a handful of fighters. Accordingly, Miles Aircraft Ltd (then Phillips and Powis) sought and gained the wholehearted approval of Lord Beaverbrook, Minister of Aircraft Production, to design a fighter which could be put into mass production.

Within little over two months the prototype of this new fighter, the Miles M 20, was being test-flown. For a fighter which in two months, instead of two years, passed from the drawing board to the test pilot it was a notable design indeed. The M 20 was a development of the Miles Master fighter trainer, and was also of wooden construction. All hydraulics were dispensed with, and in order to save the vital time that would be necessary for producing new tools and jigs, many of the parts used in the trainer were also employed in the fighter.

In spite of its fixed under-carriage the M 20, powered by a Rolls Royce Merlin XX aero-engine, was faster than the Hurricane, though not quite as fast as the Spitfire, whose maximum speed at that time was 362 miles per hour. To facilitate rapid servicing the fitting of hinged panels as the upper surface of the wing gave instant access to the eight machine-guns which were mounted on detachable chassis. The M 20 carried considerably more ammunition than the Hurricane or Spitfire, had a much longer range, and a cockpit designed to give good visibility.

Essentially only a stopgap, a desperate measure to save Britain from destruction, this machine was the last line of defence. Fortunately it never had to go into production, for Fighter Command stemmed the furious onslaught of the Luftwaffe, and turned what was felt to be certain defeat into glorious victory.

HAPPY EXCHANGES UNDER LEND-LEASE

IN a recent speech made to the American Chamber of Commerce, Mr Oliver Lyttelton, the Minister of Production, in addition to emphasising Lend-Lease figures already well known, gave other remarkable facts.

He stated, for example, that the two largest and fastest liners in the world—the Queen Elizabeth and the Queen Mary—had been used for a long time by America as troop transports.

We had given, too, complete information whereby the Rolls-Royce Merlin engine can be built in America for our mutual benefit. In the field of jet propulsion, the Whittle engine is already being made in the United States, and the first jet plane to fly in America used the Whittle design.

Other items include a new insecticide of unprecedented effectiveness, a host of anti-submarine devices, the research on dehydration, and a mass of new production techniques, including entirely new methods of pressing sheet metals for aircraft. All, said Mr Lyttelton, have been handed over to our American Allies as a matter of course.

TWO OPPRESSORS SIX CENTURIES APART

THE story of William Tell is recalled by the fate of Geissler, the Gestapo chief for Southern France, who has been killed by French patriots. His name recalls that of Gessler, who met a similar fate, the villain of the world-famous story of William Tell.

He was Hermann Gessler, Vogt or High Steward of Albert I, Duke of Austria and German Emperor. In 1307 Albert was striving to annex to his dominions the forest cantons of the Alps, now part of Switzerland, and Gessler was practising on the inhabitants' atrocities of the kind we have come to regard as peculiarly German. On November 7 three stout-hearted men met on the Ruetli Meadow and swore to expel their oppressors before New Year's Day. One of the three was Walter Furst of Uri, whose daughter had married a forester called William Tell.

Meanwhile, in the pretty little town of Altdorf, at the head of Lake Lucerne, Gessler had set up the ducal hat of Austria on a pole in the market-place, ordering all the passers-by to uncover their heads to it on pain of merciless punishment. Many obeyed. But presently two came along who did no reverence to the Cap of Austria—a sturdy woodsman, William Tell, and his son.

Infuriated, Gessler arrested them both. But learning of the prowess of Tell with the bow, he thought of a typical German jest. Tell could save his life, and that of his boy, if he were willing and able to place an apple on his son's head, and shoot it down. Maybe Gessler thought that even if the father agreed, the boy would be too terrified to stand still. But he was mistaken.

The boy stood firm as a rock, the father's hand never faltered, the arrow sped straight to the mark, and the apple fell to the ground, cloven in twain.

Gessler had enjoyed the sport, but he still had a further question to ask. "What did you intend to do," he enquired, "with that second arrow which I see you have ready?"

"That," replied William Tell, "was for you—had I killed my boy."

Infuriated by this retort, Gessler had Tell bound fast, to be taken in a boat across the lake to the castle of Kuessnacht, where Albert was residing. But a fierce storm arose, and the other boatmen said Tell was the only man whose skill could save them all. He was unbound, and he managed to get the boat to a landing, still called "Tell's Ledge." Here he sprang ashore and got away before he could be stopped. And in a narrow defile just outside Kuessnacht, he waited for Gessler—and used his second arrow.

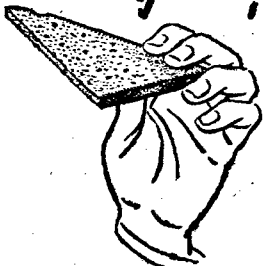
That was the signal for a general rising which ended in the independence of Switzerland. No wonder Tell and Gessler are two names still well remembered in that sturdy land. The news of the Nazi Geissler's fate in France will remind the people of Switzerland of their hard-won independence, more than six centuries ago.

The Cherry Pickers

OWING to the shortage of labour fruit-growers in some Kent villages have imported workers from the East End of London this year. Most of these war-time fruit-pickers belong to families whose only country holiday is usually in early autumn during hop-picking, and many of them are working on their usual farms and living in the same huts they have occupied for many "hoppings."

Cherry-picking is a new experience for many of the children. No doubt they find it an improvement on hopping, for the custom of the orchards is that the picker can eat his fill!

Little and good!



You get a lot of goodness out of a little

Hovis

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT
Macclesfield



Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. This laxative regulates the tender little bowels easily and safely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels

without cramping or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.

THE BRAN TUB

THE PERFECT TAX

"You should tax wit," suggested a friend to an income tax inspector. "Everyone would pay up for no one would want to be taken for a fool."

"A good idea," replied the inspector, "and I promise that you shall be exempt."

Legal Verbosity

THIS passage from a conveyance deed for 40 acres of land is an extraordinary example of legal verbosity. The deed states that it conveys all and singular appurtenances, appendages, advowsons, benefits, commons, curtilages, cow-houses, corneribs, dairies, dovecots, easements, emoluments, freeholds, features, furniture, fixtures, gardens, homestalls, improvements, immunities, limekilns, meadows, marshes, mines, minerals, orchards, parks, pleasure grounds, pigeon houses, pigstyes, quarries, remainders, reversions, rents, rights, ways, water-courses, windmills, together with every other necessary right, immunity, privilege, and advantage whatsoever name, nature, or description.

Was anything forgotten, do you think?

THE MAKING OF A LADY

A GIRL whose habits are untidy Can hardly hope to be a lady, But if her soul is never shady She can, of course, become a lady.

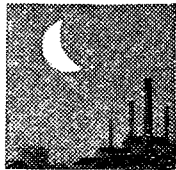
A Makeshift Mattress

WHEN camping out copy the birds in making their nests and improvise a mattress from dried grass, leaves, feathers, heather, bundles of faggots, and anything similar you can find. Newspapers, too, are excellent, but remember not to throw them away afterwards, but to keep them for salvage.

If the ground is really wet a bedstead can be made from a heap of stones or, if you can find them, two tree-trunks rolled together.

Other Worlds

IN the evening Mars and Jupiter are low in the west. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 6 a.m. on Friday, July 14.



WHIRLING A COIN

PUT a shilling on the table and, picking it up between the points of two pins (the heads of which should be held between the thumb and first finger of each hand), hold it up in front of you, and blow.

The coin will go round at a great rate—a trick equally successful with a larger coin, like a half-crown.

THIRSTY THOUGHT

A CAMEL who pined for a drink! Exclaimed, "Waste is wicked, I think. Oh, how precious would be To poor perishing me The good water folks run down the sink!"

So Sorry

PAINFULLY picking himself up after a toss by an angry bull, the new farmhand locked through the hedge, saw the enraged animal pawing the ground, and cried:

"If it were not for your bowing and scraping and apologies, you beast, I should think you'd pitched me over the hedge on purpose!"

ANIMAL VOICES

The Bullfinch pipes
The Cat mews
The Cock crows
The Cow lows
The Dog barks
The Donkey brays
The Dove coos
The Duck quacks
The Elephant trumpets
The Frog croaks
The Hyena laughs
The Horse neighs
The Lion roars
The Owl hoots
The Peacock screams
The Rook caws
The Serpent hisses
The Sheep bleats
The Turkey gobbles
The Wolf growls

The Zebra

THERE are several kinds of zebras, or striped horses, which are really nearer the ass than the horse in character, having generally long ears and bare tails. They have been broken to harness, the young being caught for this purpose; but their temper is always uncertain.

NOTHING TRUER

"But don't you think, perhaps—" interrupted the modest man.

"I don't think; I know," cut in the dogmatist.

"I'm quite sure about the truth of the first statement," said the modest man quietly.

The Order of the Bath

"ON to the bathroom!" cried the Salts.

"Our time we mustn't waste. We shall get into hot water if we do not now make haste."

"Oh, what's the hurry?" sighed the Soap.

And pulled a gloomy face. "We shall get into hot water, I am sure, in any case!"

The Children's Hour

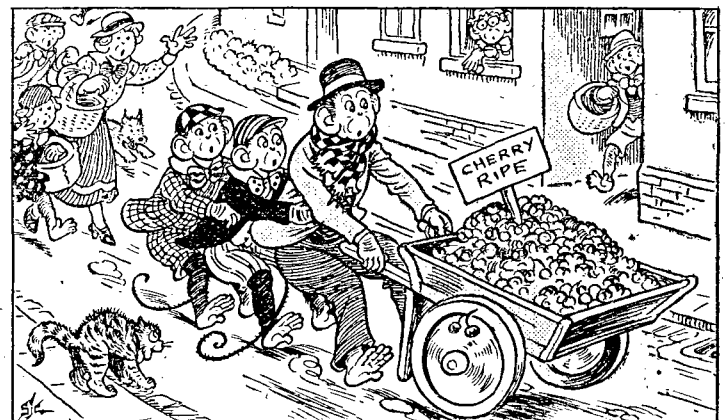
Here are details of the BBC broadcasts for Wednesday, July 12, to Tuesday, July 18.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 The Road to London Town: another of the adventures of the inimitable Twm Shon Catti. You will hear how he fell in with a band of robbers on the road to London, and how he outwitted a notorious highwayman. Play by Tudur Watkins. Produced by Morfudd Mason Lewis.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Magazine, including an item, Holidays at Home. 5.50 From America: songs about trains, sung to the guitar by Woody Guthrie.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Vive la France, a

Jacko's Fruitful Chase



MR PONGO was selling cherries in a steep side street when his barrow began to roll downhill. Jacko happened to be on the spot, and shouted a warning to Mr Pongo, who immediately raced after it. "Come on, Chimp!" cried Jacko. "This is where we come in!" and they both chased after him. Mr Pongo soon caught the barrow, and Jacko and Chimp soon caught Mr Pongo; and between them they stopped the runaway fruit. Naturally, Mr Pongo was very grateful and Jacko and Chimp went on their way, each with a glow of virtue and a bag of cherries.

RIDDLES ABOUT BABIES

WHEN is a baby like a cup?
When it is a-teething (tea thing).

Why is a new-born baby like a gale? It begins with a squall.

What is the difference between a sixteen-ounce baby and a man typing quickly? One weighs a pound, and the other pounds away.

Why is a baby like a diamond? Because it is a dear little thing.

Why does a baby boy always receive a hearty welcome? Because he never comes a-miss.

Laughter Unlimited

"I LAUGH," a wise philosopher cried,

"At everyone who laughs at me."

"My word!" a sneering friend replied,

"How merry you must be!"

THE SEASONINGS

"NAME the seasons, Jackie," said the schoolmistress.

"Salt, vinegar, pepper, mustard," was the prompt but inattentive reply.

Nature News

GOLDFINCHES feast on thistle-down and young woodpeckers leave their nest—just a hole picked out in a tree, lined only with a few chips—and creep around the tree trunk.

Riverside flowers are very lovely now, the dainty cream blossoms of the meadowsweet contrasting with the crimson stars of the willow herb and the purple spikes of the loosestrife.

A Tongue Twister?

Six sick thin thrushes threshing six thick thorny thistles.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Hidden Warships
Achilles, Howe, Kelly, Exeter, Anson, Renown, Hood.
How Much Pocket Money?
Jack 6s 6d
Fred 5s 6d
Tom 4s 6d
Frank 3s 6d

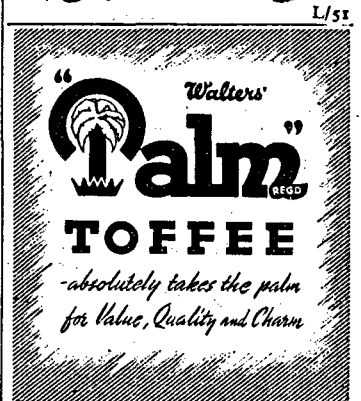


It is never any trouble to get them to take Lixen. This gentle, pleasant-tasting corrective is non-gripping and so mild that it is just as suitable for Kiddies as for grown-ups. Made from senna pods Lixen is completely safe and non-habit-forming.

LIXEN ELIXIR in bottles 2/3, 3/11.
LIXEN LOZENGES, fruit flavoured, in bottles 1/8.
Purchase Tax included.

Made in England by ALLEN & HANBURY LTD.

LIXEN
THE GOOD-NATURED
Laxative



Bobby smartens himself up and tries to make up for week-day failings by giving his teeth a "double clean" on Sunday. But the practice is most unsound because teeth care must be regular. In the rush of our busy work-a-day week, we must avoid Bobby's error. To keep acid at bay you need to clean your teeth thoroughly, morning and night, with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This toothpaste contains *'Milk of Magnesia,' recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth.

1/1 and 1/10½



* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.